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C. W. ELLIOT,

LIFE.

Life—What is life? A deceitful dream!  
Who finds its pleasures what they seem?  
We see a bed of flowers and try  
Their fragrance, and behold—we die!  
They're poisonous! hardly one will prove  
An object worthy of our love;  
And such as do soon lose their worth,  
Proving their origin from earth.

We pass the days of youth; and, minds  
Requiring food, we try to find  
Something that may engross its powers—  
Something to charm the lengthening hours;  
But, do we find a single one  
To last for aye? when it is won.

Love is the first that glads our frame;  
We think 't will always be the same;  
But taste is changeable, and the eye  
Deceitful; other fair we spy  
More beautiful than her we choose;  
The violet fades before the rose;  
And first affection dies away  
Ere it has had a short-lived day.

Then comes the love of pleasure; sense  
Directs us, and our great defence,  
Our innocence is gone, yet  
Our pure affection we forget;  
And, therefore, conscience racks us sore,  
Planting its dart in our heart's core.

Ambition comes, to lure in turn,  
For place and power we fiercely burn;  
We engage, and barter our good name,  
To win a short-lived worthless fame;  
And, while we think our stations sure,  
The "people" turn our castles o'er!

Then, love of money is the next  
Of life's full screen, for a text;  
We grasp and toil, and wake and weep,  
And, meanly, near the wealthy creep;  
We sacrifice our honor, till  
Our many empty bags we fill;  
And then we find our wealth accursed,  
Our golden ingots are but—dust!

Is there, then, nothing that will stand?  
Will all things only wound the hand  
That grasps them? Is there not on earth  
Something to give the soul new birth?  
And satisfy its wants? There is!  
Something to give it perfect bliss;  
To fill up every void. Look up,  
And see the sun of charity lope,  
The only joy to fill our hearts,  
The only love that never departs—  
That keeps happy year by year,  
Wipes from our eyes each scalding tear,  
And leads us to a bliss above  
When life is past—The love of God!

## The Silver Arrow.

A TALE OF SAVOY.

Upon the summit of a lofty cliff in mountainous Savoy stood the castle of Count Rudolph. From its lofty towers, the Count, a man of stern features and a stern heart, looked down upon the peaceful valleys below. Stern, rough, and half inaccessible, it was a fair type of its lord, the last Count of his line. And the sunny brightness, to his lofty point upon it, was truly like the sweet influence of his young and beautiful daughter. Father and child had the same name, but nothing more in common. Where the sympathy is wanting, there is little resemblance, and the night has provided a symbol that while he regarded his daughter with a fondness that was almost paternal, he regarded his heir with a sternness that was almost paternal.

In the deep narrow valley at the foot of the hill lay a humble cottage, buried in the shadow of its lofty neighbor. The old Count, Melchior, was the minstrel and was part of the whole barony. In those days, the old Count, commonly called, and the harper, who delighted in high-born lords and dames with his minstrelsy, was the repository of the peasants, unwritten lore, the story teller whom they always welcomed, the seer whom they revered. Melchior pretended to little of the latter character, except when it was forced upon him, or could be made advantageous to his interest. Albert, his adopted son, was a manly youth, deeply versed in the "gay science," and yet the master of a spirit well fitted to lead in the front ranks of strife. The hand, which ran so lightly over the gentle guitar, was hardest in the contest, surest in blow. Well worthy was he to have been a pupil of Scott's warrior minstrel, the jovial harper, who died at Jedburgh Air.

"He brooked, not he, that scolding tongue  
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,  
Or call his song untrue  
For this, when they the goblet piled,  
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,  
The barb of Rueil he glow.

At such would were the minstrels of former  
days, equally ready to exalt their science with  
sweetness of voice or strength of arm.

The adopted mother of Albert was foster-mother  
to the infant Countess Lilien, and from  
childhood, notwithstanding the disparity  
of their conditions, an intimacy had grown up  
with their growth between the peasant's son and  
the daughter of Count Rudolph. She, the gentle  
and loveliest of little maidens, was not the  
one to think of rank, and his strange wild heart  
burning with passion, knew that it could dis-  
grace the friendship of none, even of the loft-  
iest. And no dream of love had yet entered  
the thoughts of either. Their ages were the  
same, but the mind and soul of Albert naturally  
found itself sustained by her softer and womanly  
spirit. This difference compensated for the  
equality in years, and placed him in the relation  
of a man instinctively bound to the other sex.

Their meetings had been frequent, almost  
daily, yet neither of them ever dreamed  
of the inevitable result. Through the peasant's  
son and noble's daughter might be freely to-  
gether as foster-mother and child, who could  
suppose they would have to be a stronger tie?

They were now sixteen, and just arriving at  
the knowledge of the truth. The woman's nature  
of Lilien first perceived it, and her reserve, her  
shyness from her place of meetings, and above  
all, "We're cousins," conveyed it also to Al-  
bert's mind. "Though yet unworn in the world's  
ways, and trembling with the delicious con-  
sciousness of a first love, she had sufficient pride  
of ancestral birth to feel that they must meet no  
more. But Albert was more hopeful. He too  
saw the barrier between them, but he also knew  
the power of an invincible energy, and resolved  
never to yield his faith.

It was several days since they had last seen  
each other, and both looked eagerly forward to  
a grand fête which the Count was preparing to  
give his dependants. Such had been an immor-  
tal custom in the barony, and one that he  
hardly dared to interrupt, though his taste was  
not for festivals and merry-making for the poor—  
Perhaps he endured it less unwillingly, because  
the jovial unthinking tenantry would endure a  
year of oppression more readily, after a single  
day of pleasure. Upon these occasions feasts  
of wrestling and archery throughout the day, fol-  
lowed by dancing in the great hall of the castle,  
amused the people and delighted not unfre-  
quently the sturdy Count himself.

The morning of the festival dawned, and  
neither Countess Lilien or the young minstrel  
peasant imagined that their respective fates  
were crowded together within that single day.  
The great court of the castle was early thronged  
by the peasants as they assembled from every  
part of the barony. It was the only place near  
the castle where such a large number of people  
could be accommodated for such occasions.  
Within the walls of the castle itself, a long smooth  
parquet was stretched even to the verge of one  
of the numerous gorges, so common in that  
mountainous country. It was a fissure between two  
part of the small hill, running sheer down  
to the river, and until where a mountain  
streamlet fell heavily along over its rocky floor,  
within of this fissure a low level was more  
than thirty feet, and the two edges were connect-  
ed by a narrow bridge. This was the  
only entrance to the castle on this side, and there  
at least, none could be imprudently.

The guests congregated, but Albert took no  
part in the revelry, and he was directed towards the  
peaceful cottages below. Stern, rough, and half  
inaccessible, it was a fair type of its lord, the last  
Count of his line. And the sunny brightness, to his  
lofty point upon it, was truly like the sweet influ-  
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ran so lightly over the gentle guitar, was hardest in  
the contest, surest in blow. Well worthy was he to  
have been a pupil of Scott's warrior minstrel, the  
jovial harper, who died at Jedburgh Air.

"Bring hither my own cross-bow," he shouted,  
"and the silver arrow. I can do nothing with these  
awkward things. They, at least will not fail."  
"Beware, Count Rudolph," said Melchior, "the  
silver arrow is not to be used on light occasions."  
"And why not, maddler?" He stamped with  
fury as he spoke.  
"Remember, noble Count, that your ancestor  
received that arrow from a dealer in magic for a  
particular mystic purpose, and the time of that  
has long since passed. Think too of the fatal  
only where life or death to the House of Rudolph."

lin was concerned, for when the shaft should  
miss its mark, the unskillful archer should find  
it in his own heart.

"I am not the unskillful marksman whose ar-  
row can miss," said the Count sternly, as he re-  
ceived the shaft and bow. This arrow, which  
had descended through many generations to the  
heirs of Rudolph, was delicately moulded of vir-  
gin metal. The shaft was hollow and skillfully  
ornamented with strange characters, and aside  
from the magic powers commonly attributed to  
it, was indeed a sure weapon in the hands of a  
good marksman. The Count examined it re-  
verently, placed it in the bow and turned to  
take aim.

In his agitation he did not carefully draw the  
bow string, and as he abruptly wheeled about,  
caught the string against his doublet, and of  
course, discharged the shaft. It whizzed through  
the air and lodged in a tree, which projected  
right over the fearful fissure already mentioned.  
All hurried to the spot.

The trunk of the tree was only a few feet  
from the narrow bridge, but where it pushed its  
boughs broadly out, there was nothing beneath  
them, except the torrent which roared far down  
the cliff. The tree itself could be easily climbed  
by a hardy mountaineer, but unfortunately, the  
arrow had lodged in a dead branch, which  
seemed unable to bear the weight of a man.

Any attempt from the land to loosen it would  
inevitably cause it to drop into the torrent.  
At one glance the Count saw all the hazard  
of an attempt to regain the arrow. Yet as a  
work of magic, whose loss would be followed by  
a curse, he could not bear to lose it. Rather  
his castle, any thing than that upon which his  
life depended.

"Five hundred crowns," cried he, "to the man  
who will place the silver arrow in my hands!  
There was a wistful buzzing among his retainers,  
but no one stirred. The Count marked this  
and knew what must be the price of such  
fearful danger.

"I will grant," he said slowly and loudly, "any  
boon in my power and consistent with my honor,  
which he shall demand!" At these words, he  
noticed a youth in the back of the crowd striving  
to break loose from those who would restrain  
him. The Count continued: "The reward shall  
be given by the hands of the Countess Lilien."  
Albert broke desperately from the grasp of his  
friends.

If success was in the power of man, his light  
agile form seemed most likely to obtain it. It  
was easy to ascend the steep up to the point  
where the dead limb struck off from the trunk.  
Here he stopped a moment and coolly scanned  
his plan. There was no other course than to  
advance boldly upon the rotten branch over  
head, and to retain in the instant he stepped  
lightly and nervously forward. His  
eye was fixed upon the silver arrow, as it glittered  
before him, loosely hanging to the branch  
with nothing between it and the torrent but  
an hundred feet of air. It was reached and in  
the bold youth's hand. Had he moved on with-  
out stopping, the decayed wood might have  
borne its burden a little longer, but the unavail-  
able pause in grasping the shaft brought his whole  
weight upon the particular point. The branch  
cracked. He threw the arrow at the Count's  
feet just as the bough broke from the tree with  
a crashing noise and fell down the abyss. A  
cry of terror burst from the crowd.

In that dreadful moment, when his sole sup-  
port gave way, the youth's daring coolness did  
not fail him. With a nervous effort, that snapped  
the rotten limb clear from the tree, he  
sprang forward as far as possible into the air—  
His only hope was to catch the bridge just on  
one side, in his descent, and he barely suc-  
ceeded. His fingers just closed upon the rail, and  
though the sudden shock in falling nearly swung  
him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he  
steadily maintained it for a second. Then he  
lightly leaped upon the bridge, crossed it, and  
picked up the arrow from the ground, whence  
no one thought of removing it placed it in the  
Count's hands.

The peasants broke into shouts of triumph—  
Even the Count's harsh features wore a smile  
of admiration as he said,

"No! a gallant boy, take the boon!"

Albert took the arrow in his hand. He stepped  
forward and offered to take her hand within his  
own. Trembling with recent excitement and  
conscious of nothing but the movements of one  
so miraculously preserved to her love, she yielded  
to the only impulse of her heart and knelt  
with him at her father's feet.

Count Rudolph whitened with rage at this  
presumptuous act. A storm of passion swept  
into his heart and almost burst the frame that  
was unable to contain it. For a few moments  
his retainers looked to see him fall in convulsions  
as had often happened when anything roused  
his ungovernable fury. At length he spoke a  
few words in a hoarse stammering hiss.

"Bind and dungeon the madman. On with  
your sports, simple fools!"

Without notice, Lilien he walked hurriedly  
to the castle, the silver arrow still in his hand.  
In his joy at its recovery, he had vowed not to  
part with it through that day. The only re-  
ward of its recovery was a dungeon.

In the evening the great hall of the castle

was brilliantly illuminated, and thrown open for  
dancing. Count Rudolph was there, somewhat  
more composed than he had shown himself a  
few hours before. But with a darker expres-  
sion than common upon his countenance. The  
hallman of his house was still firmly grasped  
in his hand as if he feared to loose it again. Per-  
haps he thought of what young Albert had gain-  
ed in exchange for risking his life.

Lilien too was there, no longer quietly beau-  
tiful, but discomposed and each moment casting  
around vague glances, which seemed to implore  
assistance. Melchior received one and obeyed  
the mute sign to approach her.

"Can you not save him, father Melchior?"

"No harm of life or limb will come to Albert."

"I know that which will set him free, and if it  
comes to worst I will speak."

"Save him then as he is. Can you talk so  
coolly of the dangers to the son whom you have  
adapted as your own?"

Countess Lilien, he can be relieved only by  
your own fall. Do you consent to the sacrifice?  
Behold you before you speak."

"I need not thought. Say what you know no  
matter what happens to me. I cannot be more  
wretched than I am now."

"Then I will do it," exclaimed the old man.

"It is time, full time that the whole truth was  
known."

He struck his harp; the dancing ceased, and  
all gathered around the minstrel for his ac-  
counted song and tale. But when their attention  
was secured, he commenced abruptly with re-  
cital of his story, addressing himself particularly  
to Count Rudolph.

"There once lived a baron whose life was cheer-  
ed by a good and beautiful lady. She died and  
left him but one pledge of her happiness—a  
newly born child. Years passed by, and the  
young Countess arrived just upon the verge of  
womanhood, lovely as her mother before her and  
blessed by all. But unfortunately she loved a  
peasant, and this awakened the baron's wrath.  
The Count Rudolph, discovering that was not  
his child,—

"Stop!" shouted a loud voice. The Count  
placed himself in front of the old minstrel and  
eyed him sternly. "Melchior, it was of Count  
Rudolph that you spoke. Speak on now what  
you have to say."

"I spoke," said Melchior calmly, of the noble  
Count Rudolph and my daughter, Lilien. The  
name who attended upon the Countess at her  
death, was my wife. She had been engaged by  
her lady, and had vowed a deep revenge, which  
should strike into the very House of Rudolph—  
This was done by poisoning off another child as  
the daughter of the Countess. Her mistress  
soon died, and who was there to suspect or  
know more than the confidential nurse?"

"What proof is there that you do not lie?" said  
the Count coolly, without manifesting belief or  
disbelief in the story.

"My own oath and the attested confessions of  
my wife, just before her own death, are sufficient.  
But there is another kind of testimony, to which  
you would give greater credence. The silver  
arrow of the House of Rudolph was given to your  
ancestor just before the birth of an heir. The  
child brought with him into the world distinctly  
marked upon his arm, and this has distinguished  
all his descendants. You bear such a mark up-  
on your own person, and you have heard that  
your child also carried this seal of its descent—  
Look here!" He bared the finely swelling arm  
of Lilien up for her snowy shoulder, but there  
was no trace upon that soft, fresh skin.

"This should suffice for you. I demand my  
daughter, Lilien."

"It is enough!—take her. By heavens, false  
man, I might have known that no blood of mine  
could have sought to mingle itself with a pe-  
asant's race. Aye! bring forward young Albert.  
He shall have the very boon he asked this morn-  
ing. Stop! he is not your son—I have been  
told that you adopted him."

"He is not my son. I adopted him many  
years since," Melchior replied.

"Then, in the devil's name let them wed—  
Summon the chaplain hither!"

And in a few moments they were duly mar-  
ried.

"Melchior, I have interrupted your story. I  
will finish it for you. Count Rudolph found that  
she was not his daughter, and married her to a  
chance-born, who felt it no dishonor to mingle  
his poor blood with that of a traitor's daughter.  
And the betrayed man soon worthily punished  
the traitor. Mark that part of the story, false  
Melchior. Now, let this merry-making cease—  
Away! all of you!"

"My Lord Count has not quite finished his  
story. When the nurse gave her own daughter  
to the lady, she took a child in exchange. And  
that child is Albert, whom you, noble Count, un-  
thinking of Providence, in your haste have mar-  
ried to my daughter. See! upon his arm is the  
arrow which belongs to the House of Rudolph—  
There was indeed a faint straight mark upon  
the flesh which bore some small resemblance to an  
arrow."

The whole form of the Count Rudolph seem-  
ed torn with all yet terrible emotion. There  
was no joy at recovering a son manifestly in his  
wedding features, but shame at the degradation  
of his race in that marriage and rage against him  
who had caused it. He tottered up to Melchior  
and raised his arm, while his white lips whis-  
per-

ed, my blood is joined with yours, traitor! The  
blood suddenly rushed to his face in apoplectic  
fullness; he dropped his arm and wavered a  
moment, then fell heavily to the ground. The  
shaft which he had held loosely in his hand, was  
pointed upwards and transfixed his body as its  
whole weight pressed suddenly upon it. He  
stirred once and died.

Melchior solemnly waved back the peasants  
as they crowded around the body. "It is true  
then, that this fatal arrow, when it had missed  
the target should find its mark in the archer's  
heart. Let the body be removed. Yet why do  
I command in this hall. Albert of Rudolph, thou  
art lord here, and you Lilien, art mistress as be-  
fore."

THE HONEST LAWYER'S FEE.

It is now five years since the widow Stiles  
called on me one morning before breakfast, and  
asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as  
she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct  
than he might be. I asked her to step into the  
parlor, and went myself to breakfast and my  
wife, whose advice I always asked on such points.  
We had known Mrs. Stiles many years; her  
husband was a great land owner in a goodly  
town of the western country, and with a dis-  
tinguished love, that deserved some better aim, over-  
pressed it on his helpmate, as the first rule  
of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got.  
He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and more  
fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable ad-  
vice which her husband had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited her  
opinion. "Well, William," said she, after drink-  
ing a cup of coffee upon my story, "I fear the old  
lady has some money-getting claim in view; you  
know she has of late given all her affections to  
getting more wealth. I would therefore recom-  
mend her to the most honest and conscientious  
lawyer in town, and not to the most acute and  
thorough one. She relies on your judgement;  
use it, not for her seeming but her real good."

I counted my legal acquaintance over—twice  
over, before I hit on one answering to the terms  
"honest and conscientious," in the sense which I  
knew Ellen used them; at length I found him,  
and taking my hat, walked with the widow to  
his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he rose  
and gave us chairs and waited Mrs. Stiles' state-  
ment. "But before I go on in this point, let me  
say a few words of this phenomenon; this man  
with his head under his left arm close to his heart,  
—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest  
sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five;  
he had studied law because he liked the study,  
and began the practice because he had to get  
a living; and now he continued in the profession,  
in spite of bad opponents, and bad courts—be-  
cause he thought he had done, and might yet do,  
much good by his labors; and alone by saving  
the innocent and needy from the strong and cru-  
el, but preventing strife, putting a stop to half  
knaveish practices, and dissuading men and wo-  
men from unjust suits, and passion-rousing quar-  
rels. Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper  
for him to refuse acting for those whose claims  
he thought dishonest but he counted it also a  
duty and privilege, nay a mere christian charac-  
ter to strive to persuade them to forget such  
claims. He sought fame and extensive practice  
as a means whereby to exert a moral influence  
over the community; he thought a lawyer bound  
to serve, not his client only, but his God and  
country, and looked on him, who for gain would  
prosecute a suit which he thought unfair, as a  
traitor to his country, and his religion, in act,  
whatever he might be in his intention. In short,  
as Bill Blunt once said, 'Sawyer was such a  
hanged fool as to think it an attorney's business  
to help the parson to make men good christians.'"

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her  
business. It seems that her husband had sold  
and conveyed several lots, which her father had  
left in trust for her, and in such a form that she  
meaning to release her fee in the lots, had in  
term, merely released right of dower—these lots  
she understood she could get back.

"Did you ever receive the money for them?"  
said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course, do you think Jared would have  
driven me to do it?"

"Did you mean to convey a full title in fee,  
Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't they tell me  
the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been  
paid before you had drawn the deed, should you  
have thought it honest, after getting the money,  
to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why lawyer, that would have been thieving;  
right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given  
the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Sawyer, there is the  
deed you have got it in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when  
he paid you the money for the lots, a sheet of  
blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would  
there have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"Or you meant to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title any more than  
a sheet of blank paper; you have not yet given  
the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim deed for  
you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at the  
window, looked very much puzzled, and some-  
what abashed. At last she said, "But don't the  
law say the land is mine, Squire?"

"We can't tell that, said Mr. Sawyer, 'till the  
cause is tried. First, let us get things straight  
and have the bargain complete, and then, if you  
please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the corner—  
At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he  
would charge for a quit claim deed; this charge  
the attorney told her the other party would will-  
ingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a  
blank proceeded to fill it. Before we left, the  
bargain was complete, the deed was signed, wit-  
nessed and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walked  
home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this  
man? I verily believe that he has cheated me  
out of all them lots; I have a great mind to go  
back and tear that deed all to shinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late,  
but that she had done the proper thing under  
the circumstances, and advised her in future, to  
employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my  
surprise, she took my advice, and that gentleman  
was henceforth her solicitor and counselor.

Last week the widow Stiles died, leaving me  
her executor. After the funeral we opened her  
will, and found it, to our astonishment, in her  
own hand writing.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas I'm  
going to give something to my attorney, I write  
this myself,—that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared  
Stiles, being of sound mind and body,—know all  
men, that, whereas, said attorney, to wit, videli-  
cet; James Sawyer, of this said town that I'm  
of, namely, the town of Jackson, whereas, I say,  
first led me to see the folly of giving my old age  
to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me  
to turn aside from a course that was, as I have  
since seen, wholly wrong, for which he be bless-  
ed in this life and forever. Therefore, know ye,  
that as a small token of respect and love, for said  
attorney, to wit, namely, James Sawyer, who  
has of late, been unfortunate, and much distress-  
ed in worldly matters, I do hereby by these pres-  
ents, give bequeath, will, leave, transfer, make  
over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every-  
cent I've got in the world; goods, chattels, lands,  
money, looks, dress and jewels, for his and his  
heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my sev-  
eral friends, such articles as are marked with  
their names. Witness my hand and seal, Nov.  
20th, 1837.

JANE STILES.

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in  
the hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I must  
thank you for."

"She must leave \$50,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money,  
but the change of life and heart; that is the  
fee I prize."—Ex.

NEWSPAPERS.—A man eats a pound of su-  
gar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended;  
but the information he gets from a newspaper is  
treasured up in the mind, to be enjoyed anew,  
and to be used whenever occasion or inclina-  
tion calls for it. A newspaper is not the wis-  
dom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom  
of the age, and of past ages too.

A family without a newspaper is always half  
an age behind the times in general information,  
besides they never think much or find much to  
think about. And there are the little ones  
growing up in ignorance, without any taste for  
reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who,  
when her work is done, has to sit down with  
hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her  
mind from the toils and cares of the domestic  
circle. Who then would be without a news-  
paper.—Benjamin Franklin.

PRINTING OFFICE RULES.

The following rules, for the benefit of Print-  
ing Office visitors, are short, comprehensive and  
to the point, and is the law "direct"

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Don't meddle with the type.
4. Say nothing interesting.
5. Don't stare at the compositors.
6. Keep six feet or more from the table.
7. Hands off the papers.
8. Eyes of the manuscript.
9. Engage in no controversy.
10. Ask no questions, unless of a business character, and be brief and to the point in them.

If the editor is abrupt, or looks savage, take  
it for granted he is stalled, and vanish.

Those who, in consequence of superior  
capacities and attainments, disregard the com-  
mon maxims of life, ought to be reminded that  
nothing will supply the want of prudence—and  
that negligence and irregularity, long continu-  
ed, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous,  
and genius contemptible.

As fortune inclines, so does the favour  
of men.







from the abuse of his federal opponents, democrats should keep a watchful eye upon him.

When Mr. Van Buren was President, and the country was thrown into the greatest confusion by causes beyond his control, he kept on the even tenor of his way, stuck to the Constitution, and would not yield up his democratic principles and adopt a conciliatory policy to please any body. Hence the origin of conservatism, or rather the open exhibition of it; and hence the overthrow of Mr. Van Buren's Administration.

The remains of the old federal party, and the new bank party (including many professed democrats) formed an unholy alliance to put out Mr. Van Buren, from whom both parties, federalists and bankers, could expect no favors or exclusive privileges, (the state of the country, brought about by the mischievous banking system, operated in their favor,) and to put into the Presidential chair a man whom they could bend to their selfish purposes, and through whom they could accomplish their objects of personal gain and political power. By coon and hard edged meetings, barbecues and drunken carousals, they succeeded; Mr. Van Buren was defeated; after which he pens the quotation at the head of this article. But how is it with Mr. Van Buren now? Will he consent to become the leader of these federalists, forming an alliance with disaffected democrats, against the democratic party? Will he cease "to merit the confidence of his friends," by "abandoning them" for the praise of his foes? If so, how have the mighty fallen! More anon.

**THE NO-PRINCIPLE PARTY.** We ask any honest man if better proof could be offered of the lack of principle in the federal party, than the course which the leaders of that party are now pursuing? Is it not apparent that they have no bonds of union, that they are joined by no common principles, that each one is striving to get advantage of the other, and to promote his interests or further his political ends at all hazards, independent of the good of the people, or the honor of the country? In this country of the only free people on the face of the globe, where every thing should be done in decency and in order, and where the rights of man and the advancement of humanity should be regarded, to secure these ends, the feds will turn their public meetings into an arena scarcely less offensive to the good mind, than the bull fights and gladiatorial encounters of Rome. The opposition to Mr. Polk's Administration has been bitter, unprincipled and selfish. The materials of which that opposition was composed, are now arrayed in hostility to each other, and the only hope for any improvement is, that the party has become so corrupt that it cannot exist much longer, but will soon fall to pieces with the weight of its enormous sins which have been long accumulating; that even now, it is virtually dissolved, as they admit, only existing in fragments; and that over its ruins will rise up the true principles of democracy, and the country be restored to peace, union and permanent prosperity.

**"IN THE UNION."**—Some have been curious to know how Gen. Taylor can reconcile the declaration contained in his Ingersoll letter, that he preferred to see Mr. Clay President to "anybody living in the Union," with the subsequent declaration contained in his Baldwin letter, that he would not withdraw his name if Mr. Clay was the nominee of the national convention. Mr. Clarke of Kentucky, in a late speech in the House of Representatives, reconciles the apparent inconsistency very satisfactorily. When Gen. Taylor said to Mr. Clay, "I preferred to see Mr. Clay President to any one in the country," he himself was then out of the country. His arrival, however, "in" the country since, has made Mr. Clay his second choice.

The whigs can sneer at any officer, however brave, who is a democrat; but they will not permit any democrat to say that Gen. Houston took Santa Anna prisoner; when he had two legs, whereas Gen. Taylor didn't capture him when he had but one. That's "a case," and "a case" of detection from the hero of Buena Vista's merits.

**NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.**—The Union publishes the message from the President in answer to resolutions offered by Mr. Stephens, in the House of Representatives, on the 10th ult., requesting information in relation to those new acquisitions. It is an able document, setting forth the value and importance of the territory acquired.

**FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.** We learn from the Eastern (Bath) Times, that the Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, will meet by their Delegates, in Convention at Wiscasset on Wednesday, the 23d inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative to Congress, to be supported by the Democracy of the 4th Congressional District.

Also, to select a suitable person to be supported for Elector of President and Vice President at the approaching Presidential Election.

**HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE,** for August, has been received. It is the cheapest, and according to its cost, decidedly the best work issued from the American press. Charles W. Holden, 109 Nassau street, N. Y., Publisher.

**THE LADIES' BOOK,** for August, has come to hand finely embellished, and filled with the best of Magazine literature. \$3 per annum; two copies, \$5.

"Hurrah for Fillmore," exclaimed a whig on Friday last, says the Chicago Democrat. Why don't you hurrah for Taylor too, says a Democrat. "I can't go more than half the ticket at a lick; I'm afraid 't would choke me," was the answer.

**PAY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.** The Boston Post states that the average amount the Massachusetts volunteers receive is over sixty dollars in cash. This is in addition to the land bounty (100 acres) which is worth, nominally, \$200, and in lieu of which, if they preferred it, every volunteer received from the treasury department \$100 in scrip, bearing 6 per cent. interest. Some of the men have received as high as \$140, and none less than about \$10. They have all been paid off, and their encampment broken up.

**SOUTH AMERICA.** The Montevideo schooner Vigilante, arrived in New York on the 22d ult., after a short passage of 41 days from Montevideo. The Ports of Buenos Ayres and those of Banda Oriental are to be again blockaded by the French. Fifteen days have been allowed for all vessels that entered those ports while the blockade has been raised, to complete their loading and be off.

**DEATH OF GOV. SHUNK.** Gov. Francis R. Shunk, of Pennsylvania, died at Harrisburg, in that State, on the 21st ult.

**A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.** A curiosity in the vegetable kingdom has recently been discovered. It is a nut, and called the "vegetable ivory," or nut of the ivory plant. Its shell or covering is scarcely thicker than that of the common hazel nut, and of a similar color, and is so extremely hard that no instrument can readily make an impression on it. It is classed among the family of palms, and is common in the Mascarene islands, where it is called lignum plant. It is described as about half as large again as the horse chestnut. The kernel, in its early state, includes a liquid liquor, which becomes milky and sweet, and at length acquires the solidity of ivory, which it very much resembles in color, polish, and consistency. It is said to be susceptible of being wrought and used for various purposes for which ivory has heretofore been employed.

**HORRIBLE CASUALTY IN PORTLAND.** We learn from the Argos that a pleasure boat was capsized in Portland harbor a week ago Saturday, by a sudden squall, and eight persons lost their lives. The names of those drowned, according to the Portland Advertiser, are the wife and three children of Mr. Wm. J. Smith, and four children of Mr. Whytey. Mr. Smith is an Englishman, a baker by trade, and has not now a relative on this side of the Atlantic. He was taken from the mast of the boat to which he was clinging almost exhausted. Mr. James Stephenson, a sailor, also on board, swam to a ledge of rocks and was saved. Mr. Smith says that "when the boat went under him, his little girls—two aged about 8, the other 7 years—clung to his hair, and that he sank twice with them, when he lost all consciousness; and on coming to, he was clinging to the top of the mast, unconscious how he came there. Had he been able to swim, he might have saved them, as the ledge was within a stone's throw." Mr. Whytey, whose four children were drowned, was sitting on the wharf with a lantern in his hand, anxiously watching for the return of his little ones, when the fearful news reached him. We understand he has been in a state of delirium almost all the time since. But one body has been recovered.

**FROM CUBA.** We were informed, yesterday, by a passenger by the schooner Cherokee from Cardenas, Cuba, that during an entertainment given by a wealthy Creole at Trinidad de Cuba, on the 4th of July, some of the guests, natives of the island, headed by the proprietor, hoisted the American flag at the house. The troops were immediately called out, and every preparation made to suppress an insurrection of the Creoles. The entertainer (a highly respectable gentleman) was sent off immediately to Havana in a iron, and the authorities are now busily engaged in searching out others who were connected with the transaction. We understand that the island is in a state of great agitation, which may terminate in a general rising of the Creoles at a moment's warning. [Charleston Com. 22.]

**THE INSURRECTION OF THE BRITISH TROOP PRESS** equal to the crimes of the British government. The Liverpool Mail says the people of France, especially of Paris, do not understand the place they hold in Europe, and that the French must be punished by example for the grievous wrongs she has committed against herself and society. As some one can't do it herself, the "ally alliance" has been called into the matter in hand, just now it is a very feasible condition.

**THE OFFICERS** have been charged at that department certainly deserve credit for their conduct in the present emergency, and with their troops have been withdrawn from Mexico. Tho' after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, the great body of the men had to be marched a distance of nearly 400 miles from the capital to Vera Cruz, and transports had to be provided at New Orleans and sent down to receive them yet nearly the whole of the volunteer force have actually arrived, and the balance with the regulars, are probably all afloat at this moment. Few persons can properly understand or appreciate the magnitude of the task, thus to move so great a distance a force, including teamsters, followers, etc., of at least 35,000 men, with all their arms, ammunition, tents, baggage, camp equipment, etc. It has, however, not only been done, but well done, and so far as we have heard, up to this time without an accident. The operation has included the troops from Tampico and the line of the Rio Grande, as well as those from Vera Cruz.—N. O. Bulletin 6th.

No man ever repented of having kept silence.

**HON. FRANKLIN CLARK.**

Knowing that many of the friends of Mr. Clark as well as the first friends of the Democratic cause, had received the impression that he would not consent, under any circumstances, to have his name again used in our Congressional convention in connection with the nomination, we took the responsibility last week to say to such persons that the impression was altogether a mistaken one. We made the statement without having consulted Mr. C. in relation to the point; but we felt sure, reasoning from his well known devotion to the interests of our common political faith, that he could not refuse to allow his democratic constituents to express their united approbation of his course at Washington, by re-nominating him to the office he now holds, and by giving him a triumphant and honorable election. Still, though we felt satisfied in our relation to Mr. Clark's feelings and purposes, we were disposed to make "assurance doubly sure," if possible, by obtaining from his own lips a confirmation of the position we assumed in that article. We therefore, some week or ten days previous to the publication of the article, wrote Mr. Clark upon the subject, stating the rumors relative to his supposed refusal to submit his name once more to his friends, and requesting him to write us a frank letter upon the subject. Since then, we are gratified to state, we have received a letter from him, dated "Washington, July 17th," (two days before our article was printed,) and though the letter is purely of a private character, intended merely for our individual satisfaction, yet we feel that we shall be justified in making a brief extract that the Democratic party of Lincoln and Oxford may see that Mr. Clark has not authorized any reports in relation to his determination to decline a nomination; on the contrary, that he is willing his name should be used by his democratic constituents in any way that may give promise of subserving the interests of a cause in which he and they have deep and mutual interests. The following is the extract:

"I am aware that the time is now at hand when it is usual for the Democratic party in our district to select a candidate to represent it in Congress, and that it is the desire of many of my friends to know my wishes and feelings in regard to a nomination. In answer to me, I am constrained to say, that an endorsement of my course by the Democratic party for the brief period I have been in Congress, by a re-nomination, would not fail to impress me with the deepest feelings of gratitude, and that I should not hesitate to accept such a renewed token of their confidence and regard. But should the Democracy in its wisdom determine otherwise and select any one from among the many who are so much more competent to represent the district, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in their decision and do all in my power to secure the election of the nominee."

**AMERICAN OPINIONS ON THE LATE OUTBREAK.**—An eminent merchant of Boston, writing from Paris, says in substance: "Consider the result of the late contest in Paris as a triumph of moderate Republicanism." The writer admonishes his friends from believing that any large portion of the working people of Paris were on the side of the insurgents. It is thought that the examination now going on will show that it was a combination of monarchists, outside of France, with the lower orders of the population of Paris, and that from this source came the money and military skill so conspicuously exhibited in this insurrection.

**RISE IN GREASE.** It is said, that so great is the demand in some part of the country, for lard to grease whips and to swallow General Taylor and his "free soil laborers," that all sorts of grease is in active demand.

At a funeral, some years since, in the country, an honest old parson officiated who was at times troubled with absence of mind, which would lead him into awkward scrapes. On the present occasion, as a part of the ceremony, it became his duty to give out a hymn suited to the solemn season. He opened the book and read very impressively the old hymn beginning "Believing we rejoice to see the course removed," much to the astonishment of the assemblage, especially as the funeral was a deacon of his own church.

**"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE," CAPT. BRAGG.** We perceive from a late number of that spirit-ed print, the Mobile Register, that the citizens of that city lately presented to the celebrated Captain, now Lieutenant Colonel Bragg, a splendid sword, in token of his distinguished services. His reply is in excellent good taste, and is remarkable for its modesty and eloquence. It appears that the gallant Bragg is a decided Democrat—a fact that would not be inferred from his name, which looks very Whiggish, but the fact is said to be beyond dispute. His brother is one of the Cass and Butler electors in North Carolina. [Boston Times.]

It will be remembered that it was Captain Bragg's battery who according to Gen. Taylor's report, at the critical moment "saved the day" at the battle of Buena Vista. [Age.]

**DR. WISTAR AT THE SOUTH.** He not deceived with vain hope—lay not the flattering action to your soul; that disease will cure itself; especially if that disease be Consumption or Liver Complaint. If you would be restored to health you must use the means which benevolence and kind Providence have placed within your reach. The great and universally popular remedy for consumption and all chronic diseases, is now for sale in every city and important town in the country, and at a price, too,

that any one can afford to pay. You have no excuse, therefore for neglecting to save your life and health. Be not deceived with quick nostrums, or any imposture of this invaluable medicine. An individual at Charleston, South Carolina, recently purchased four bottles of Dr. Wistar's Syrup—one of the most celebrated physicians in the city told the deceived patient he must send that article back, and exchange it for Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Be not deceived—remember that it is Dr. Wistar's Balsam that cures—it is Dr. Wistar's that brings back the bloom of health to the cheek, lustro to the eye, strength to the system, joy and gladness to the soul, and happiness to man—it is Dr. Wistar's that has gained such celebrity among the sick, astonishing the world with its effects, and is recommended by the best physicians throughout the land. It has received—by none unqualifiedly—BUTTS on the wrapper, the genuine Dr. Wistar's.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

[Extract of a letter from Dr. Williams, of Vt.] Gentlemen,—I will thank you to send me two dozen more of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. I have used it with great success in four cases of dyspepsia, curing each of them in an almost incredible short time; likewise one of scrofulous humor, and one of jaundice. I consider it a valuable component, and must say I have used it with the happiest effects. Should like to have it as soon as convenient. One of the cases of dyspepsia was a gentleman who had suffered a long time, and had been to the Springs for two seasons.

A. Boyden, Esq., of Cambridge, cured of the dyspepsia of a young standing, after trying a hundred remedies without the least effect.

Benjamin Whitney, of Lynn, cured of indigestion and dyspepsia by using two bottles of the above.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; and by Druggists and Agents generally.

**OXFORD TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.** Will hold its next session at Norway Village, on Wednesday the 30th day of August next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Expenses.—At half past one an Address will be delivered by the President, Wm. Wirt Virgin, Esq. Reports on the following subjects: *Emulations in Schools*, by Samuel Waterhouse; *Teaching as a Profession*, by D. P. Stowell; Discussion of the following question, "Do Academies, Colleges, and higher institutions of learning exert, in fact, an influence on the public schools?" Disputants.—A. B. S. Hopkins, of Norway; W. H. Vinton.

N. B. Smith's report, published in pamphlet form will be ready for delivery at this meeting. W. H. VINTON, Secy. Paris, July 12, 1848.

**MARRIAGES.** In this town, on Sabbath evening last, by Rev. C. B. Davis, Mr. Mark D. Kimball, of Hollis, to Miss Esther C. Sanborn, of Norway. In Oxford, 16th ult., by Rev. W. Brown, Mr. William K. Staples to Miss Jane Morey, both of Oxford.

**DEATHS.** In Norway, 10th ult., Mr. Rufus Bartlett, formerly of Plymouth, Mass., aged 87 years. In Norway, 20th ult., Mr. Zephaniah Frost, aged about 60 years. In Livermore, Mr. Elijah Stevens, aged 78 years, a revolutionary pensioner.

**Oxford Normal Institute.** THE SECOND SESSION of this School will commence on Monday, the FOURTH day of September next, and continue twelve weeks. This Institute is located in the village town of Oxford County, in the pleasant, industrious and moral village of South Paris. The building is well adapted, sufficiently capacious to accommodate several hundred students, and has a delightful situation. The Normal Institute will, as its name indicates, afford Teachers of Public Schools, proper advantages for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of Teaching, while it offers to the English or Classical student opportunities similar to those that are to be had in Academies of the highest standing.

Those desirous of Teaching the ensuing winter will do well to attend this school, thus to advance where, as the County Teachers' Institute, according to the direction of Hon. Stephen Emery, member of the Board of Education, will be held at this (South Paris) village, commencing the 25th of September next. Competent and approved Teachers of Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, and Penmanship have been engaged. Vocal music, and a good Business style of Penmanship, will be taught without any extra charge.

**TUITION.** Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$5.00; Teachers' Department, \$5.00; Languages, 4.00; Drawing, 2.00; Painting, 2.00; (extra) \$1.00 to \$2.00.

No student will be admitted for less than half a Session; nor any deduction made for occasional absences, except in case of sickness. Books, in families including washing, fuel, room and furniture, \$1.25 for males; and from \$1.00 to \$1.25 for females. Besides, students may board themselves at a considerable saving of expense.

**STEAM BOAT LINE. PARIS AND PORTLAND.** FIVE proprietors of the Harrison and Paris Stage Line would respectfully inform the public that their Stage leaves Portland on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, immediately after the arrival of the Steamer Fawn, and passing through Norway and South Paris, arrive at Paris Hill at 6 o'clock P. M. Returning leave Paris Hill Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and arrive at Harrison in season to take the Boat to Portland.

Stage Line would respectfully inform the public that their Stage leaves Portland on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, immediately after the arrival of the Steamer Fawn, and passing through Norway and South Paris, arrive at Paris Hill at 6 o'clock P. M. Returning leave Paris Hill Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and arrive at Harrison in season to take the Boat to Portland.

**500 LIGHTS** of Double Day 6 by 12 and 9 by 13 above said, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS. North Paris, April 8, 1848. 17 30

**June 12, 1848.**  
**Popular Trade.**  
Great Bargains from Auction!!

**SMITH & ROBINSON,**  
99 & 92 Middle St., Portland.

HAVE now in store the largest stock of Goods to be found in the city, most of which was bought at the NEW YORK AUCTIONS, and will be sold very low for Cash. Our assortment of

**CARPETINGS,** is unsurpassed by any in the State. We have very elegant Three Plys, Extra Superfines, Fine and Common. All wool cambrics, for 50 cts. Painted Floor Cloths, for Dining Rooms, Halls, Entry, Closets, Railroads, &c. put down without a seam. Straw Matting, Plain, Fig'd and Check'd. Stair Carpetings, of different styles and widths. Rugs, Hockings, Stair Rods, Crash, Lapland and Wool Mats, some very beautiful. Bedding Mats, new article.

The above Goods will be sold lower than can be purchased in this city.

**FEATHERS AND MATTRESSES** on hand, of any quality and description, at the lowest prices. Old Feathers Cleaned. Old Mattresses made over.

**DRY GOODS.** A perfect assortment, from a Pin to the best Broad-

**SHAWLES & SHAWLES** Will close our all Wool Cashmere Shawls, at very reduced prices.

Black Silk, Barage, Embroidered Crapes, Zephyrs, and all kinds of GIBBER SHAWLS, from Auction at very low prices.

**VISITE TRIMMINGS**, of all kinds. **PARASOLETES AND PARASOLS** bought at Auction last Friday, at about one half the cost of Manufacture.

100 Black Silk Parasoletes, 1.75, worth \$3. 1 case Fancy colored do., cheap. 1 case Green do. at 1.50, worth 1.75. 1 case fancy do., 1.12, worth 1.50. 100 SUN SHADES, green, and whole bone sticks, worth 50 cts. 150 large sized PARASOLS, of Silk, whole bone sticks, only fifty cents.

225 case silk Gingham Parasols, 20 cts. Each. PRICES, 50 cts. 12 1/2 cts. Common " 4 to 8 cts. 12 1/2 cts. 4-4 SHEETINGS, from 6 to 10 cts; cheap as can be obtained in town.

We, in conclusion, say that no one can sell goods cheaper than ourselves.

**Now is the time to purchase cheap.**

June 20, 1848. 6 1/2

**Fashionable Millinery.** MRS. E. W. GOODNOW.

RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers and the public generally, that she has just received a good assortment of fashionable

STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY BONNETS.

CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c. &c.

Orders from a distance, (as usual,) punctually attended to. Norway Village, June 1, 1848. 17 6

**CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.**

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING CO. will respectfully give notice that they are fitting up a

**CUSTOM CARDING MACHINE,** and will be prepared to receive Wool for Carding on Monday, the 6th of June next.

They will purchased pure Cards, and are putting their Machines in the best order. Perfect satisfaction will be warranted to those who may favor them with a call. Particular attention will be paid to

**CLOTH DRESSING.** From the supplies of their finishing apparatus, and the experience of their help, they feel assured that they will be enabled to finish Cloths in better style than can be done elsewhere.

Wool will be received in exchange for work. Cloths received and returned to the following places, free of expense, viz: Boston, New York, Providence, A. G. Buxwell, Fryeburg; A. Graver, Bethel; J. Loveloy & French, Albany; John Holt, Waterville; A. M. Nelson, Bridgton; O. Bolster, Rumford; J. F. Howe, Sumner.

W. L. DERRING, Agent. South Paris, May 29, 1848. 17 4

**Prints.** 100 PIECES PRINTS from 3 1/4 to 10 cents per yard, for sale by A. G. DENISON. Norway, April 29, 1848. 17 28

**PROBATE NOTICES.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

**JANE WASHBURN,** named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of ISAAC WASHBURN late of Oxford in said County, deceased, having presented this final account of his administration of the estate of said Ward.

It was Ordered, that the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Oxford in the County of Oxford, on the Fourth Tuesday of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

A true copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

**DANIEL BEARCE,** Executor of the last Will and Testament of Gideon Bearce, late of Hallowell in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Oxford in said County, on the Fourth Tuesday of July next, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

**Mechanic Falls House.** THIS subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public generally, that he has opened a public house, under the above name, at Mechanic Falls in Aroostook County, where he will be equally happy to greet old friends or make new ones, and will accommodate them on the most liberal terms.

His house has recently been put in the most perfect order; the rooms are pleasant, well ventilated, and well furnished; making it a pleasant and very desirable stopping place for the weary traveler. His table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and no effort on his part will be spared to secure the comfort of his patrons. Faithful and experienced hostess always in attendance. SAMUEL F. RAYSON. Mechanic Falls, July 3, 1848. 12

**Sheriff's Sale.** OXFORD, ss.—July 14, A. D. 1848. TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of August next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of Luther Houghton in Waterford in said County, the following described Real Estate situated in said County, to-wit:—All the right in equity that

**JOSEPH ATHERTON,** of Waterford in said County, has or had on the sixth day of May last past, to redeem the following described Real Estate, viz:—Being the same premises whereon the said Joseph Atherton formerly lived and now occupied by L. Butler, in Waterford Lower Village. JOHN C. GERRY, Deput. Sheriff.

**Sheriff's Sale.** OXFORD, ss.—June 20th, 1848. TAKEN on Execution, Moses Kilgore & Andrew M. Ricketts, and will be sold at public Auction on the nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1848, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of Cutter & Leavitt in said County, all the right and interest to a conveyance of the following real estate situated in Scotland in said County, to-wit:—The Eastern half of Lot numbered Eight in the Seventh Range of Lots in said Scotland, which said Ricketts had on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1847, (that being the day on which the attachment was made on the original writ,) by virtue of a bond or covenant from Noah Reed of Windham. By which bond the said Reed obligated himself to convey to said Ricketts said described land on payment of fifty dollars, which has been paid, with the exception of twenty-three dollars payable by the first day of September next. ADAMI CUTTER, Deputy Sheriff. Lovell, June 26th, 1848. 12

**Sheriff's Sale.** OXFORD, ss.—July 13, 1848. TAKEN on Execution, Geo. W. Springer and Lang C. Wright, and will be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the twelfth day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Tavern of William Childs in Livermore in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which

**LANG C. WRIGHT,** of Roxbury, has or had at the time of the original attachment, in the Homestead Farm on which he now lives in said Roxbury, the same having been conveyed in mortgage deed, by said Wright to Abel Monroe; said deed dated February 20th, 1848, and recorded in the Register of Deeds of Oxford County, of Oxford, Book 78, Pages 408 and 409, to which deed reference is had for a more particular description. JOHN MONROE, Jr., Deput. Sh'ff.

**List of Letters REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, Me., July 1, 1848.**

Allen, Mrs. Caroline; Bessie, Capt. Alder; Bessie, Miss Olive O.; Buck, Abigail G.; Berry, Edwin R.; Billings, Almon R.; Briggs, Mrs. Nancy; Chase, Rev. Hiram; Childs, Wm.; Cummings, Horace; Cummings, William; Abbott, Darius; Danahy, Mrs. Sarah; Denney, John W.; Daniels, John Jr.; Eaton, Miss Melville M.; Fobes, Daniel; Fuller, Miss Ann M.; Farnum, James H.; W. Felton, Jonathan, 2; Harmon, Jason; Lurvey, Richard T.; McKenney, Mrs. Mary; Seth A.; Needham, Olive M. 2; Nutter, Rev. David; Peterson, Benj.; Porter, Mrs. S. W. 2; Parlin, Robert; Rogers, Edmund; Rowan, E. G.; Rogers, Stephen; Miss Nancy H.; Stevens, Benj.; Smith, Josiah; Swan, Miss Lucinda A.; Shaw, Mrs. Fannie; Tobin, Samuel; Tobin, Green; Tabor, Ivory; Willis, Mrs. Phoebe; Williams, Charles C.; Washburn, Mrs. Augusta L.; York, Charles. Young, Javel. G. WASHINGTON MILLERY, P. M.

**PRESSEY & BARROWS,** MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Furniture, Chairs, &c., NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

**WANTED.** FIVE HUNDRED CORDS OF HEMLOCK BARK, Wanted by the subscriber, at South Paris, for which he will pay \$2.75 per cord, CASH, on delivery. LEWIS BRIDGEMAN. South Paris, May 19, 1848. 17 4

**E. W. CLARK,** DEPUTY SHERIFF, PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE. All precepts and communications, by Mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. 17 50

**10 CHIEFS of Ninnyong, Souchong, and Young Hyson Tea for sale by** Norway, April 20, 1848. A. C. DENISON.

**PALM LEAF, and PALM LEAF HATS,** for sale by A. C. DENISON. Norway, April 27, 1848. 17 52

**2 CASES SUPERIOR FRENCH MOLE SKIN HATS,** for sale cheap, by Norway, May 1, 1848. A. C. DENISON.

**Groceries,** SUCH as Sugar, Coffee, Salmagundi, Pepper, Spices, Ginger, &c., for sale cheap by Norway, April 20, 1848. A. C. DENISON.

**Broadcloths.** GERMAN, ENGLISH, and AMERICAN Broadcloths, Middlesex, Cassimere, Fancy Tweeds and Satinets, for sale by Norway, May 7, 1848. A. C. DENISON. 17 53

**Sheetings and Shirtings.** 5000 YDS. Sheetings and Shirtings for sale by Norway, May 1, 1848. A. C. DENISON. 17 52

**Notice.** THIS is to certify, that REBEKAH LAW, nee, her wife, has repeatedly refused to sue me out of Oxford County, and having made five dollars worth of property which she had no claim to—it being secretly taken away—and when charged of it by Mr. James Ricketts, she did not deny it—and having left my house and home, I feel all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall not pay one cent of her contracting after this date. JOSEPH LAW, nee, her husband. Summer, July 7th, 1848. 17 51

**Notice.** WHEREAS, my wife, REBEKAH, has left my bed and board, without any justifiable cause, and refuses to live with me, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debt of her contracting after this date. HIRSH OLDHAM, 2d. Fargo, July 13th, 1848. 17 54



